The Iovіall Pedler.

OR,

A merry new Ditty
Which is both harmleſſe
Pleaſant and witty.

To a pleaſant new tune.

There was a Jovіall Pedler,
And he cryde Cony-ſkins,
On his back he had a pack
Full of points and pins,
With laces and braces
And other pretty things.
Hey down he down
With a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down,
The Pedler, never rins
But ſtill doth cry
So merry merrily,
Maids have you any Cony, Cony-ſkins.

Maids bring out your Cony-ſkins,
The Pedler doth you pray
For them you may have points or pins
Be they blac[illegible] gray,

The Pedler to an Ale-houſe went
And call'd for beere and ale,
In midſt of all his merriment
His purſe began to faile.
His laces and braces
And all his pretty things
hey down,
With a hey down, down,
Down.

When he came to pay the ſhot
His heart grew very cold,
For he had broke a black pot
Which made his Miſtreſſe Scold,
And all his money ſpent
Which made him to lament
hey down
With a hey

The Pedler took his cany-ſkins,
And his Cob-web Lawn,
The Pedler took his points and pins,
laid them there to pawn:
[illegible]nd braces,

The Iovіall Pedler.

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[illegible]nd braces,

The second part to the same tune.

The Pedler he went drunk to bed,
And when he did awake,
When he remembred what he did,
It made his heart to ake.
His Ossells had his ware,
And left him very bare.
hey down

He to his Ossells faire did say,
And did prevaile so farre,
He got his ware of her again,
And took his leave of her:
He took up his pack
And hung it on his back.
hey down.

The high-way it was very deep
Which sorely troubles him,
Through the water did he creep,
And set his ware to swim:
His laces and braces,
And all his pretty things.
hey down,

The Pedler on a hill did get,
And laid his ware to dry,
His cony-skins was very wet.
Which grieved him wondrously
His laces and braces,
And all his pretty things.
hey down,

The Pedler he fell fast asleep,
And as asleep he lay:
Up the hill a Knave did creep,
And stole his ware away,
His laces and braces,
And all his pretty things.
hey down.

The Pedler waked from his sleep,
found his ware was gone,
weep,
With an empty pack
To shew what he did lack
hey down,

There was two lovely Lasse,
That in one house did dwell.
The one of them was bony Kate,
The other bouncing Nell:
And either of them both had Cony-skins to
hey down (sell.

Kate brought forth her Cony-skins
From under-neath the Laires,
They were as black as any Jet,
And full of silver haires.
The Pedler would have bought them
Rather then his eares.
hey down,

Nell brought forth hers to sell
One of another view,
They were as good as good might be
And that the Pedler knew.
The lowsy Jack set down his pack,
And set his wares to view,
hey down

Belle went tripping ore the green
With one poore Cony-skin,
Because shee would not have it seene,
Or known where shee had bin:
Shee closely hid the same
Untill the Pedler came.
hey down,

The Maidens of Camberwell
Brought forth their skins,
But when they came their ware to sell,
The Pedler had no pins.
Nor laces, nor braces,
But sets pretty things.
hey down,

The Maidens have trafte
With their Cony skins,
And he hath wash'd